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MOUNT CABURN

From this proud Eminence the ravish'd Eye

Sees Earth with Heaven, and Heaven with Ocean wide



Marked appears, but yet with youthful Grace

Count the Stars the Vales below

MOUNT *CABURN.

At once conspire to deck and bless the Land

Beneath me, all around the happy Soil

I see a Thousand sturdy Mowers toil

Each seems from hence, small as the labouring Ant

And, from too, provide for Winter's Want

With following Herds the neighbouring Mountains ring

Corn stands so thick, the Vales and Pastures sing

When Autumn turns the ripening Ear to Gold



POETS, who mean to soar no common Height

From some aspiring Mountain take their Flight

Each rising Step presents a Scene that's new

And Fancy still enlarges like the View

When COOPER'S HILL receiv'd the tuneful Throng,

Sublime as was their Station, was their Song.

Me never shall the Muses tempt from Home,

O'er HÆMUS, or o'er PINDUS Top to roam;

My Native Mount affords me more Delight,

Surpassing those in Beauty, as in Height:

And, were my Powers but equal to my Will,

PARNASSUS should not be a nobler Hill.

* A Hill, Part of the *South Downs* near LEWES in SUSSEX, from which there is a very extended Prospect.

B

FROM

FROM this proud Eminence the ravish'd Eye
 Sees Earth with Heaven, and Heaven with Ocean vye,
 To form a second EDEN. Nature's Face
 Wrinkled appears, but yet with youthful Grace.
 Hills, smiling, court the Sky; the Vales below,
 As with their Streams, with Plenty overflow:
 Beauty and Plenty, dancing Hand in Hand,
 At once conspire to deck and bless the Land.
 Beneath me, all around the happy Soil,
 I see a Thousand sturdy Mowers toil:
 Each seems, from hence, small as the labouring Ant,
 And, like him too, provides for WINTER's Want.
 With bellowing Herds the neighbouring Mountains ring:
 Corn stands so thick, the Vales and Peasants sing.
 When AUTUMN turns the ripening Ear to Gold,
 Gathering their Store, the rustick Tribe, behold,
 Swarm thro' the sultry Fields: the grateful Land
 Answers the Reaper's Wish, and fills his Hand.
 But earn'd by Labour, he despises Gain,
 When he looks up, and spies the happier Swain
 Stretch'd on the Mountain Top; (the common Fate
 To envy Men of more exalted State)
 To those beneath, whom Care and Toil depress,
 He seems a God in Height and Happiness:
 Above the Clouds appear his fleecy Care,
 And, with the Ram, celestial Honours share.
 Thrice happy Mountains! which no outward Storm,
 Or foul Eruptions from within, deform.



No Rocks, like Rags in Poverty, they wear;
 But a rich verdant Mantle thro' the Year.
 Where most irregular, they please us most,
 As Forms in graceful Negligence when lost.
 No Refuge yield to Bird, or Beast, of Prey;
 Safe o'er them Flocks, with Swains as harmless, stray.
 The Flocks so numerous, which they sustain,
 They cloath the Mountain first, and then the Swain.
 Here, BRITAIN, view thy native Wealth, the Fleece;
 As rich as that, which JASON brought to GREECE:
 This as much fought for now, as that of old;
 And, tho' not Gold itself, produces Gold.

BUT now, my Muse, conducted by my Sight,
 Down to the * Wild directs her aery Flight.
 Where Earth, the Emblem of her Master's Fate,
 Both in his happy, and his fallen State,
 Naked, like Innocence, here views the Light,
 Like conscious Guilt, there veils herself from Sight.
 Nought we can here admire, or first, or most,
 But in the gay Variety are lost.
 Nature and Art, uniting, yet at Odds,
 Together blend the Works of Men and Gods.
 Houses and Trees, and Towns and Forests vye,
 Which most shall charm, and most retard the Eye.
 The Heath in Red, the Meadow clad in Green,
 And Silver Stream, diversify the Scene.

* The Low Inclosed Country.

&

MOUNT CABURN.

Temples, their Founders Piety proclaim ;
 And Castles speak their impious Thirst of Fame.
 Here CERES promises a full Increase,
 Pleas'd in a Land of Liberty and Peace :
 SYLVANUS, there, tempts to his close Retreat,
 Shelter'd from WINTRY Storms, and SUMMER's Heat.

THIS Scene, how different in its pristine State!
 (What Fame reports, well may the Muse relate)
 * All was one wild inhospitable Waste ;
 Uncouth and horrid, desert and untrac'd ;
 Hid, by rough Thickets, from the Face of Day ;
 The solitary Realm of Beasts of Prey :
 After the weaker Kinds the Foxes ran,
 Themselves not yet pursu'd by craftier Man :
 The Wolf, since banish'd, rul'd with lawless Might,
 And, howling, added Horror to the Night.
 'Till Man, at length, their secret Haunts explor'd,
 And taught the Savage Race to know their Lord.
 Then Industry, Earth's Handmaid, threw apart
 Her rude Attire, and dress'd her Charms with Art :
 From second Chaos Order did produce,
 From useless Things Things of the noblest Use:

HER busy Hands, first, from the Cavern tore
 † The rugged Oar, for Ages hid before.

* Supposed formerly to have been Part of the Forest of ANDERIDA. Vide
 CAMDEN in SUSSEX.

† There are many Iron Works in this Part of the Country.

This

This VULCAN purges, and the CYCLOP's Care,
 Forms into Implements of Peace and War.
 As doth one Bush the Rose and Thorn afford,
 So the same Mine the Plough-share and the Sword.
 BRITONS may rest secure from all Alarms,
 Whilst native Valour here finds native Arms.
 Gifts, suited to each People, Nature gave,
 Gold to the Vain, and Iron to the Brave:
 Such Metals are the Treasure of our Soil,
 As guard our Persons, not our Morals spoil.

NOR, Miser-like, doth Earth her Wealth intomb;
 Her Surface is more fruitful than her Womb.
 Here stands the * Oak, which long hath Time defy'd;
 The Work of Ages, and the Forest's Pride:
 The Noblest of his Sons, and most his Care,
 Doth o'er the rest his leafy Honours wear:
 We see in him, so proud, so strong, so high,
 An Earth-born Giant that invades the Sky:
 His Top, amidst the Tempest's fell Debate,
 Like Fortune waves; his Trunk as fix'd as Fate.
 In his Great-grandfire's Shade did Druids dwell:
 His Grandfire with the ROMAN Empire fell:
 Himself a Sapling, when his Father bore
 Victorious HENRY to the CELTICK Shore.
 Here, like a Friend and Guardian, doth he stand,
 At first to Grace, and then Protect the Land:

The Growth of this Country is the most esteemed for the Use of the Navy.

MOUNT CABURN.

For, when Fate summons, from the long-known Wood,
 With Honour he descends into the Flood;
 Bears BRITAIN'S Warlike Youth the Globe around,
 And brings them back with Wealth or Glory crown'd.

BUT here my Fancy doth my View prevent,
 First launching on that Azure Element,
 Which seems, from hence, to the mistaken Eye,
 Part of a brighter Cloud, or darker Sky.
 Stupendous Cliffs, whose Heads OLYMPUS greet,
 Frown on its Waves, which humbly bathe their Feet.

ALBION, high rais'd, looks like the Sovereign King,
 To whom the Seas Homage and Tribute bring;
 The Seas, which cut him from the Continent,
 His Bound, his Empire, Guard, and Ornament.
 Divided from the World, united stand
 Within thyself, thrice potent happy Land:
 To Hell drive Party-Rage, and Faction foul;
 As one compacted Body, be one Soul.

IF FAME speak Truth, ere mighty JULIUS came,
 Or fabled BRUTE, or BRITAIN had a Name,
 Here a high chalky * Isthmus Passage lent
 From this our World into the Continent.
 Over this Bridge, from GALLIA, did repair
 All that from Eastern Climes first harbour'd there:

* Vide CAMDEN in Kent. & Verstegan, Cap. 4.

Man,

Man, with a numerous Train of every Birth,
 That stately walks, or lowly creeps the Earth.
 They came; but never to return again;
 For soon the potent Ruler of the Main,
 Indignant longer such Restraint to bear,
 Or round cold ORKNEY'S Coast to drive his Carr,
 With his huge Trident cleft the massy Pile,
 And in his Arms embrac'd his favourite Isle:
 Gave her to rule the Deep, as far as flow
 His briny Waves, or angry Winds can blow.
 And now her dreaded Fleets, at her Command,
 Herself accessless, visit every Land;
 To every Nation make her Prowels known,
 And all the Product of the World her own.
 Not greater Treasure Ocean's Bosom hides,
 Than in her Vessels o'er its Surface glides.
 Here have I seen, when Discord EUROPE rent,
 (BELLONA raging on each Element)
 So many Ships, teeming with foreign Stores,
 Steering their Course unto AUGUSTA'S Shores,
 As hid the liquid Plain: to distant View
 Their Masts appear like Woods, where first they grew:
 Their Guardian Convoy, freighted for the War,
 High o'er the rest exalts himself in Air;
 With Flags display'd, and with his Canvas strung,
 Rides like the Silver Swan amidst her Young.
 Then might LEVIATHAN, with vast Surprise,
 A Creature see, of more enormous Size,

Move

Move in the Deep, whose pregnant Womb doth hold
 More Warriors than the TROJAN Horse of old;
 Who from a hundred Mouths in Thunder roars,
 Bursts the surrounding Clouds, and frights the echoing Shores.

How dreadful is the Combat on the Main!
 In ghastliest Shapes where Death and Horror reign;
 Where Men with fiercer Elements conspire,
 Joining their Rage to that of Seas and Fire.
 Nor Flight, nor Valour, from Destruction save,
 One Lot involves the Coward and the Brave.
 Sometimes one fatal Blow decides the War;
 All sink in Waves, or mount on Flames in Air,
 The Ship their Funeral Pile, or else its Womb,
 As once their Habitation, is their Tomb.
 Often in Crowds these conscious Shores have seen
 Our Fleets engaging in this awful Scene:
 Have seen secure; but did the Waves upbraid,
 That stopp'd their Valour, and their friendly Aid:
 While those, who in the Toil and Glory share,
 To BRITONS shew, what BRITONS only dare:
 Viewing their native Land, they scorn the Grave,
 Ready to yield her back the Life she gave:
 Their Friends to witness their bold Actions call,
 Pleas'd in their Sight, and in their Cause to fall.

HAD ancient BRITONS thus been skill'd in Fight,
 They had restrain'd the ROMAN Eagle's Flight;

Ambitious

Ambitious CÆSAR ne'er had reach'd this Shore,
And shewn his Troops a World unknown before.

FAR to the East, but almost in my View,
There is the Place where first those Eagles flew:
Where naked BRITONS did his Power oppose,
And shew'd arm'd Legions no inglorious Foes:
Then mighty CÆSAR might relate at ROME,
He came, he saw, but could not overcome:
For Liberty long resolute they stood,
And were the last the ROMAN Arms subdu'd.

LOOK where I will, some Marks yet rise to Sense,
Of ROMAN Valour and Magnificence.
Square Camps discover still the Scenes of War;
Causeways their Zeal for publick Good declare:
Struck with Amazement, doth the labouring Hind
Their Arms, and their MOSAIC Pavements find;
Urns, which have long their sacred Ashes kept;
And CÆSARS, which on Coins have Ages slept.

BUT Time, which sets all worldly Things their Date,
To GOTHICK Rage gave up the ROMAN State;
Then barbarous SAXONS did this Isle invade,
And conquer'd those, whom they engag'd to aid.
Scarce in the East had HENGIST fix'd his Power;
When Warlike ELLA landed on this Shore.

D

Far,

Far as my Eye can reach, his Sword subdu'd,
 Unjustly dy'd in harmless BRITAIN'S Blood:
 A second Kingdom did his Arms procure,
 Which bore a * Name for ever to endure.
 But when he visited these blest Abodes,
 He banish'd Truth, and brought in his false Gods:
 Temples no more resound th' Almighty's Praise;
 To THOR and WODEN every Altar blaze:
 His PAGAN Rites did ELLA's Zeal advance;
 Great was his Power, and great his Ignorance.
 From that Time CISSA, potent ELLA's Son,
 Long rul'd in Peace the Realm his Father won:
 Westward his Seat of Empire and of Fame
 He chose, where still the † Town preserves his Name.

BUT in the Times succeeding to these Reigns,
 Contending Saxons, and invading Danes,
 Whose Law was Force, whose Property was Spoil,
 With War and Rapine vex'd this fertile Soil.
 Where is the Field, the Forest, or the Wood,
 But still is richer with our Father's Blood?
 Where is the Sea, the Fountain, or the Rill,
 But flows still conscious of some mighty Ill?
 This Mount to Mind domestick Discord brings;
 For in a SAXON Camp my Muse now sings.

* The Kingdom of SUSSEX, or SOUTH-SAXONS, the Second of the Heph-
 tarchy.

† CHICHESTER.

The Hills high Tops sad * Monuments remain,
 And rise still nearer Heaven with Heaps of Slain:
 Why Graves so eminent did Warriors choose?
 Was it some useful Precept to infuse?
 Would they their Sons with Martial Glory fire?
 Or by their Death more peaceful Thoughts inspire?
 The curious Antiquaries with Surprize
 View their odd Armour, and Gigantick Size,
 And us their Modern Pigmy-Race despise.

TURNING my Face unto the Morning Light,
 An Antique † Pile salutes my roving Sight:
 Whether of ROMAN, or of later Date,
 Remains a Secret, which the Learn'd debate.
 Once a fair Port enrich'd the fam'd Abode;
 But Herds now graze, where Royal Navies rode:
 For, like ambitious Princes, Earth and Main
 Contending, make each other's Loss their Gain.

HERE with his Powers the haughty NORMAN came;
 Conquest his View, the Diadem his Claim:
 The Will of EDWARD his pretended Right;
 But his best Title was successful Might.
 Scarce stood his Soldiers on the promis'd Land,
 But their great Leader, by a bold Command,

* The Bergs or Burying-Places, to be seen on the Summits of many of the Hills, *Vide* VERSTEGAN, *Cap.* 7.

† PEVENSEY CASTLE.

Aiming a desperate Courage to inspire,
 Bid them look back, and see his Fleet on Fire;
 Shew'd them their Hopes in Victory alone;
 And that his Lot must be the Grave or Throne.
 By easy Marches to the * Town he came,
 Which from the DANISH Pirate takes its Name;
 (First of those Sister † Ports, which since arose
 The Nation's Guard against invading Foes:
 Whose Naval Services, in Ages past,
 Kings paid with Honours, which shall ever last)
 HAROLD, whose Sword yet reek'd with NORWAY's Gore,
 Crown'd with fresh Laurels pluck'd from HUMBER's Shore,
 Found here the other Rival of his Fame,
 The same his Cause, he hop'd th' Event the same.
 Bloody the Strife, nor small the Victor's Gain;
 They fight a Crown to guard, or to obtain.
 • But Heaven and Fate determin'd near this Place,
 To end the Glories of the SAXON Race:
 Still the proud Ruins of the ‡ Abbey tell,
 Where WILLIAM conquer'd, and where HAROLD fell.

THIS Brick on the Spot the Victor built,
 T' appease just Heaven for Blood unjustly spilt.
 But may his Piety this Offering claim?
 Or did it spring from Love of worldly Fame?
 Since the same Work, that should his Guilt atone,
 A Trophy stands to make his Glory known.

* HASTINGS.

† CINQUE PORTS.

‡ BATTLE ABBEY.

Oh Vanity ! can the same Deed be thought
 Impious and Brave, an Honour and a Fault ?
 Or by our Gifts can Heaven's eternal Will,
 Like Judges brib'd, be taught to wink at Ill ?
 Oh Ignorance of those deluded Times,
 That thought Saints Prayers could expiate Sinners Crimes !

BUT now my Muse, by quick Poetick Flight,
 Doth leave these Ruins, and on nearer light :
 Where a fam'd * Abbey, of a later Date,
 But the same Order, shar'd her Sister's Fate.
 (Nor these alone, but each Monastick Cell,
 Sunk, when their Parent Superstition fell.)
 Wide o'er the Vale its rude Remains are spread :
 Above, the Castle rears his aged Head ;
 As much decay'd ; his Origin the same :
 Each is a Monument of † WARREN's Fame.
 These the great Founder hop'd, but hop'd in vain,
 Should safe, whilst flow'd the neighbouring Stream, remain.
 The Stream, which through the verdant Pastures stray'd,
 The rising Fabricks then with Pride survey'd :
 Passing the ruin'd Dome, and sinking Tower,
 Now mourns the faded Glories of his Shore :
 Whilst his own Current still the same doth last ;
 So much Man's Works by Nature's are surpass'd.

* LEWES ABBEY.

† The first Earl of SURREY. Vide CAMDEN in SURREY and SUSSEX.

The Castle, once its mighty Lord's Abode,
 Presses the Mountain with a useless Load;
 Dreadful its high-raised broken Walls impend,
 Threat'ning to crush the Town they did defend;
 And o'er the People sudden Ruin spread,
 Like Infants by their Nurses overlaid.
 And lo! the Monastery's sacred Wall,
 A Nest to Ravens, and to Herds a Stall.

IN this Recess the hooded Fryar lay,
 Dissolv'd in Ease, and slumbering Life away:
 Luxurious far'd, his Mattins duly said;
 Sung o'er the Dead, and on the Living prey'd:
 The supple Layman treated as he pleas'd,
 Tortur'd with Penance, or with Pardon eas'd:
 To Poverty the Gates of Heaven were barr'd;
 But for the Rich to enter was not hard;
 Brokers in Sin did their Assistance lend;
 Who paid the Monks, never could God offend:
 They to Religion blind, but worldly wise,
 For Lands and Houses barter'd Paradise:
 Unlearn'd, and skill'd in pious Frauds alone,
 They gave us Heaven, to make the Earth their own.

To them these fair Possessions WARREN gave,
 Reserv'd a Pardon, and a sainted Grave.
 But long the Pile hath been by Time o'erthrown;
 His Tomb is vanish'd, and the Place unknown.

He,

He, whom th' adjacent Tracts did once obey,
 Here lies a Piece of undistinguish'd Clay:
 How is his Glory fled, who now is grown
 Part of the Field, which once he call'd his own!
 O all ye Rich, ye Fortunate, ye Great,
 Can ye be proud, and think of WARREN's Fate?

FAR happier thou of DENMARK's Royal Race,
 Whose great Remains a neighbouring * Temple grace!
 Where the informing Stone still takes a Pride
 To tell those Virtues, which you strove to hide:
 Who from the World did prudently retire,
 And all that Grandeur which the Vain admire;
 And to high Titles, Dignity and Blood,
 Prefer the nobler Praise of being Good:
 To watch thy Urn may Angels never cease!
 And may thy honour'd Dust long rest in Peace!

BEYOND: the Hills an even † Carpet spread,
 Tempting their Sons to sport upon their Head.
 See! the light Riders on the well-bred Horse
 Spring from the Goal, and urge the rapid Course:
 So instantly they gain upon the Way,
 That Time itself flies not so swift as they:
 The Silver Mew, which skims the nether Air,
 Seems tardy on the Wing, when they are near:

* ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, in which is to be seen the Monument of a DANISH Prince, whose Epitaph is recorded in CAMDEN.

† THE HORSE-COURSE.

Forward they press, while Shouts ascend the Clouds,
'Midst Chariots, neighing Steeds, and gazing Crowds,

DIFFERENT the Contest was, the Place the same,
(The * Place, which bears the Captive Monarch's Name)

When hapless † HENRY, too imperious Lord,
Here lost his Liberty, but ours restor'd.

Thence firm the long-contested Charter stood;
Which ENGLAND purchas'd with her Noblest Blood,
And ever will esteem her Noblest Good.

The greater EDWARD did this Grant approve,
And fix'd his Empire in his People's Love.

He knew (as all recorded Times have shown)
Invading Subjects Rights, Kings lose their own.

‡ Still may we bless the Day, when on this Plain
The Tyrant broke his Rod, the Slave his Chain.

Then LIBERTY did higher Thoughts impart,
And with more generous Courage fire the Heart.

Then PROPERTY, ador'd by every Swain,
Advanc'd with laughing PLENTY in her Train.

Justice prevail'd, Oppression fled the Field;
Law was a Curb to Might, to Right a Shield.

The rescu'd Nation smil'd, whilst all around
She saw the foreign Realms in Fetters bound;

Nor thought she did too dear those Blessings gain,
Which she enjoys secure in GEORGE's Reign,

* Called MOUNT-HARRY.

† HENRY the Third.

‡ See M. RAPIN's Remarks on this Event in his History of ENGLAND.

Which FREDERICK's Virtues promise long shall last,
And future Times be happy as the past.

BUT if this Hill one King did Captive see,
A neighbouring * Town since set another free.
When to her Shore, CHARLES, like a Hart pursu'd,
Fled from the Hounds late flesh'd with Royal Blood.
By Stratagem escap'd his Father's Fate,
Transform'd from regal to a low Estate :
For furious Storms the stately Oak o'erthrow,
Whilst humble Shrubs beneath in Safety grow.
Here, from the kind Protection of the Wood,
He came, imploring Mercy from the Flood :
Bear me, he cried, from that inhuman Band
To foreign Air, and a less guilty Land :
Meanly disguis'd the Royal Exile went ;
And soon th' offending Nation did relent ;
The injur'd Prince, whom they expell'd before,
Recall'd in Triumph to his native Shore :
So from the Eclipse breaks the returning Light ;
So sets the Sun, to rise again more bright.

RETURNING thence, behold a mould'ring † Tower
Receives my Muse, and claims one Labour more :
Whose Walls the mystick Buckles still adorn,
A Royal Spoil from GALLIA's Monarch born.

* BRIGHTHELMSTON, from whence CHARLES the Second escaped after the Battle of WORCESTER.

† LAUGHTON, the ancient Seat of the PELHAMS, *Vide* CAMDEN. It now gives the Title of a Baron.

Whoe'er did thus the ancient Structure grace,
 What could he hope more Noble from his Race?
 Little he knew, that as the Pile should fail,
 Its rising Titles should o'er Age prevail:
 Or that his Trophies should, in Time to come,
 Be hence transferr'd to WINDSOR's sacred Dome;
 There, high advanc'd, immortal Glory share,
 And take new Lustre from the Silver Star.
 When in the Elysian Plain ÆNEAS cast
 His Eyes on ROMAN Heroes as they pass'd,
 His Thoughts in secret Extacy were lost;
 But great AUGUSTUS fir'd his Soul the most.
 So could some Ancestor, who to that Plain
 From hence descended, thence return again,
 And from the solemn Ruins of this Place
 View all his numerous and distinguish'd Race;
 Chiefly on him with Transport would he gaze,
 Whom o'er the rest superior Honours raise,
 The faithful Statesman by his Prince approv'd,
 The generous Patriot by his Country lov'd.

BUT 'tis not mine to celebrate each Name,
 Long since inroll'd in the Records of Fame.
 Vain the Attempt, and endless were the Toil,
 To sing the ancient Heroes of this Soil;
 Whose Praise shall long my feeble Lay survive,
 And in their Progeny for ever live;

Well

Well worthy of the Stock from whence they grew;
Who with their Honours share their Virtues too:
For without Virtue what is Noble Birth?
Or what high Titles, if estrang'd from Worth?
A Gilded Idol, and a Bastard Gem,
Which Fools admire, and which the Wise contemn.

NOT with more Pleasure, o'er the fruitful Grounds
Where he was bred, the untam'd Courser bounds,
Than o'er this Landscape I in Fancy speed,
Convey'd exulting on the Muse's Steed.
A happier Paradise to me this Place,
Than EDEN to the Parent of our Race;
For when he view'd his Subject World around,
All one sad silent Solitude he found:
I find, where-e'er my raptur'd Sight I bend,
Some kind Relation, or some honour'd Friend:
Remarking here each well-known Spot can tell
Where Truth, where Honour, where Good-Nature dwell;
And trace Religion to her private Cell.
Can see where secret Merit shuns the Day;
And where Ten thousand Charms in Ambush lay.
Where can the God of Love find keener Darts?
Or where employ them on more generous Hearts?
Such matchless Beauty, and such manly Worth,
JOVE and ASTRÆA might recall to Earth.

WITH

WITH what Regret I quit the smiling View,
 For ever pleasing, and for ever new!
 The more I look, the more I am amus'd;
 So MARO charms a thousand Times perus'd.

OH! may some Bard, more favour'd of the Nine,
 Thy Glories paint in an immortal Line!
 His Fancy bear Resemblance to thy Clime,
 Rich as thy Vales, and as thy Hills sublime!
 His Strains more lasting than thy Oaks abide!
 And his smooth Numbers like thy Currents glide!
 Then all thy Deeds and Monuments of old,
 Which the Eye sees, or babling Fame hath told,
 When sinking underneath the Weight of Time,
 Again shall rise, and flourish in his Rhime.

PERHAPS he'll say, viewing my Cell beneath,
 (Where I began, and where will cease to breathe)
 Here liv'd the Man, who to these fair Retreats
 First drew the Muses from their ancient Seats:
 Tho' low his Thought, tho' impotent his Strain,
 Yet let me never of his Song complain;
 For this the fruitless Labour recommends,
 He lov'd his native Country, and his Friends.

F I N I S.

